

STEAMBOAT AHOY!

WHETHER the L. C. C., the preamble of whose Bill was last Thursday declared not proven by the Committee, will ultimately gain command over a fleet of River Steamers or not, the one question that concerns Londoners is—cannot some Company, no matter what, as long as it is a thoroughly business-like and sensible one, give us Londoners a real good all-the-year-round service of well-appointed, cleanly-kept steamboats, built on lines similar to those on the Seine, with dapper and civil officials on board, with covered in piers and landing stages along the river route from Putney to Gravesend, and another service from Putney to Richmond, up to Oxford? And why not first and second class as on the steamers between Folkestone and Boulogne, Calais and Dover?

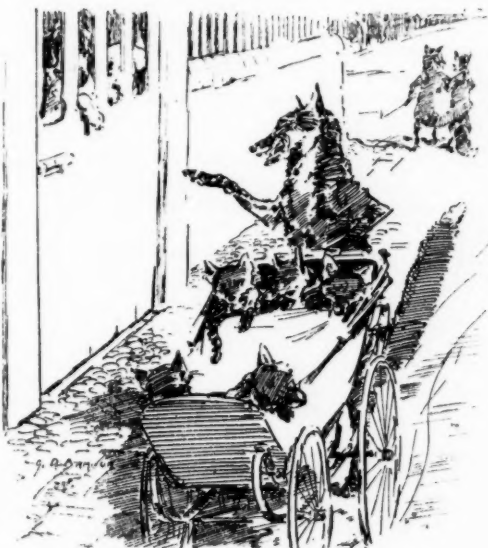
Such as the steamers have been "they were better than nothing at all," as the refrain of the old comic song had it; but they were absolutely impossible, that is, as a rule, and at certain hours, for ladies. The rough-and-tumble element (not by any means the river itself, seldom restless and tossing) predominated, and the rowdiness of the 'ARRY when his work was over and his life was worth living for him, made, temporarily, life for quiet, respectable citizens on board these crowded steamboats not worth living by any manner of means.

Father Thames, muddy-brained as he is, must see to it, and good energetic citizens must wake up Father Thames & Co. to a sense of their responsibility as by-water-carriers, for the benefit of all classes.

ON DIT.—If it be true that Mr. ABBEY has received a Royal command to paint the Coronation, it is quite in the fitness of things that, dropping all other *pré-noms*, he should be henceforth distinguished "Westminster Abbey, Junior."

A PAGE OF SCHOLASTIC RECORDS.—A Footman has been recently appointed Headmaster of S. David's College School. May he be as successful as was a Butler at Harrow.

END OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



"SO-LONG! SEE YOU ALL IN AUTUMN!"



"THIS CONFOUNDED TRANSFORMATION IS GOING TO BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT LOOKS."

[It is proposed to change the quarry of the Royal Hunt from Stag to Fox.]

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD FRIEND.

DEAR old HAROLD POWER! "Old!" Never a day older than when—it seems but a few years ago—he played *Cox to the Box* of GEORGE DU MAURIER and to the *Sergeant Bouncer* of "JOHNNIE" FORSTER in the triumvirate of *Cox and Box*, for which ARTHUR SULLIVAN wrote such humorous, melodious, and dramatic music, as in his best days he himself rarely, if ever, surpassed. HAROLD POWER, the kindest of men, and, in his best health, one of the very brightest as he was one of the most amusing, was the last of those who belonged to what may be called "the ALBERT SMITH group," representing a kind of practical fun and boisterous humour that died out entirely with the author of *Mr. Ledbury*, *The Pottleton Legacy*, and with the extinction of the *Cider Cellars*, *Evans's*, and the *Fast-After-Midnight Life* in London.

HAROLD POWER, though good as an actor and entertainer, was best as an amateur, acting on the spur of the moment, saying and doing the absurdest things with the greatest possible gravity. He was associated with "Mr. Punch's young men" when they played for the BENNETT benefit in Manchester, where, with his acting and singing in *Les Deux Aveugles*, with his after-supper speeches, and with his imperturbable good humour, he was the life and soul of the party generally, and of the house-party at "JOHN HENRY'S" in particular. The greatest sympathy will be felt for his family in their bereavement, and we hasten to pay this tribute of affectionate esteem to the memory of one who was reckoned as within the private circle of Mr. Punch's intimate friends.

PLEASANT COMPANIONS.—Socialistic and Revolutionary "Demonstrators." Suggestive descriptive title is the foregoing, as being a composite word made up of "Demons" and "Traitors." Cheerful association!

CITY NOTE.—As a rule, going in for "spees" is a very short-sighted policy.

ART IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY LITTLE QUEENIE.

§ 1.—About the Need for Improvement.

DEAR readers, when I laid down my pen after telling you all about the two highly important subjects of Nursery Cookery and Ettiket, I fondly imagined that it was for ever—but it has turned out otherwise!

I have been so successful in doing up my doll'shouse in a thoroughly artistic fashion, and I receive such lots of appeals from cousins and similar quarters to advise them about furnishing theirs that I have reluctantly consented to do so in these pages.

Now, perhaps some children (like MARIA STODGELEY) will say what does it matter how hideous doll's fernicher etcetera is so long as the dolls are comfortable; but this is what grown-ups would call a falsity that begs to be questioned. It does matter, tremendously.

Is it not a shame that Dolls should be so behind the time, and that, while our children have the advantages of esthetic wallpapers and freezes and overmantles and Art roking-horses and chintses and things, and our Mamas sit in rooms abounding with Maurice curtains and Chipindale sofas and LIBATY cosy corners and potery on brackets and commie china pussies and every other luxury, our dolls should still be compelled to reside in houses which are too Early Victorian for words?

All grown-up and thoughtful persons will tell you how essential it is if we are to mold the characters of the young and instill them with noble and lofty aspirations that they should be surrounded from infancy with beautiful objects. Then they grow up to be fallible judges and have such exquisite taste that they never approve of anything, like my Uncle FILIBERT who writes the sweetest sonnets and collects china and says all effort is useless because Art and Literature are both quite dead.

But if we go on allowing our dolls to dwell in Filistine surroundings, how can we be surprised if they do not look more intelligent or if they are deficient in general culcher?

§ 2.—The Tuppence Dolls' House.

Let us examine for a moment the appearance, both outside and in, of the conveniunt Dolls' House.

The front is painted the inevitable stairing red, with white round the windows, the door and balcony being a crude peagreen; the knocker gilt and of some cheap and inartistic pattern which will not knock. The drain-room windows are curtained with machine-made lace or else croch.

We enter, having first previously unhooked the front (for the door is a poultry shamb!) and what do we find? An interior divided into four compartments, like a rabbit hutch. [FLORRIE BUCKMASTER did keep rabbits in her dolls' house for a time—but it was not a success.] There is no trace of any hall, or even passidge. There are no doors, so if a drain-room doll should find herself in the kitchen or nursery by any chance, there she has got to remain till some cumpationat hand releases her to her proper sphere!

And the wall-papers! Gordy yuge patterns which most housemaids would shudder at on their bedrooms walls. As for the carpets, they will either be painted seppilkers or else peices of oilclothes. Are there any windows at the sides or back? No, there are not. Well, at least there are stares? No, the clever grownups who build these atrocities have left out the stares. They do not seem aware that dolls (mostly) possess legs!

Then the fernicher. Think of the drain-room, with its mene little mantlepiece which never will go close up to the wall and has red tinsle fire in it! The round table—in the center, if you please!—and a sofa of a similar pattern to the one at our last seaside lodgings, which made mummy so ill she had to buy an Italian rug to cover it up with and it was all Father's

fault for taking the first rooms he saw to save himself trouble and because they were cheap!

Regarding the six chairs, all exactly alike, red or green satin and white wood; the piano that won't even open (though I wouldn't mind if we had one of that sort in our schoolroom!) and the pictures on the walls, hung crooked and generally oligrafts by artists of no reputation!

Let my readers who think this description exaggerated give an impartial glance at their own dolls' houses, and then see if it is not correct—and this is the best room out of four!

Yet it is in such squallor as this that the majority of our dolls pass their lives in! Sometimes I hear Father talking about the necessity of rehousing the Poorer Classes, but I think Dolls require it much more because they are less able to make their voices heard.

§ 3.—About Efforts at Better Things.

I don't mean of course that all dollshouses are as badly built as this. Within my own recollection there have sprung up in our midst edifices with more claim to be called arkiteeshur. FILLIS CLOVER has one she is awfully proud of and it really is rather nice. It has a blue sloping roof with real windows and chimnies in it, a portico with steps up to it and a dear little electric bell which really rings, and there is a passidge and stares and doors to open and shut in every room.

But as I told FILLIS (and it did make her so cross) the passidge is too dreadfully poky and there are no bannisters to the stares and a visitor would have to reach the drainroom through a hole in the floor—which people do not do in Society.

Now my own Papa is an Arkitect and very clever. He is always doing plans for Government buildings only there is so much favoritism that only the Old Gang and Rank Outsiders get chosen.

So I said to him one day, "Dear Papa, if nobody else will give you a job, I will. Suppose you sit down and do me a design for a really convenient dollshouse?"

Papa laughed, but did it and it really was too sweet, with a Queen Ann porch and the most fascinating bow-windows and little curved balknies and a lovely wide starecase and curly bannisters and a conservitry and well—everything.

I was perfectly delighted with it, only when I took the design to a toyshop man and asked what it would cost to make up he said it would work out at about fifty pound.

So I was obliged to tell Papa that as I had only seven and sixpence (counting the half-crown Aunt Mary gives me on my next birthday) I was afraid his design was beyond my means at present, and Papa laughed and said I reminded him of his other clients.

I shall have to save up for several years before I shall have enough to build Papa's design for a dollshouse, but in the meantime I resolved to make the best of my old one. So I called in a particular friend of mine, REGGY SAWYER, who is very clever with his fingers and has just had a new toolbox, and I told REGGY what improvements I wanted done and he did it.

First he threw out two wings with wood made out of Father's cigar boxes (after carefully putting all the cigars back in the cubbard again) and REGGY got the glass for the windows out of fotoframes in the drainroom. After cutting through the partition on the ground floor, he constructed a splendid hall and starecase. The bannisters were rather a bother at first, till I recollected that there were gilded railings round some Louey Cans tables and things in the drain-room, and these, with a little twisting, made a highly effective ballustrade. We found a cabinet of soft white wood containing trays of meddles and things which were no use, and the wood was just enough to make a top story.

When Papa found out, he said it would have been almost cheaper to have carried out his original plans but I fancy he was secretly pleased with our ingenuity—though not Mother.

So now I was the possessor of a really roomy and convenient



HAUNTED.

dollshouse, and the next stage was the decoration of which I shall trete in a subsequent paper. I will only add that if any of my readers are dissatisfied with their dolls' present surroundings and would like to give them the opportunity to lede higher lives and things, will they plesse write, inclosing a stamp (unused and not a forrin one) which will not be returned under any circumstances to Little QUEENIE, care of Mr. Punch, Esq., 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, and I will endeavor to anser them in these collums.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

III.—THE ELIZABETH SECTION.

[Continued from March—with further acknowledgments to the respective Authors of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and "The Visits of Elizabeth." Extracts from the former's Diary and the latter's Letters are given alternately, the younger Elizabeth being on a visit to the elder Elizabeth.]

MARCH 17TH.—I remember reading in a wise book that a fresh acquaintance coming among close friends is always a bore. Well, ELIZABETH is the fresh acquaintance, and the close friends are myself and I, which includes my garden and my books. I really believe the babies dimly understand, and are doing their best to act as buffers. The Michaelmas Goose baby, whose equilibrium is still unstable, drags ELIZABETH about by her skirts, singing lustily her favourite Sunday hymn—"Some day my earthly house will fall!" Yesterday, the March Hare baby tried to distract our visitor by an invitation to a game of Adam and Eve in the garden. "And you shall pwetend to be EVA, if you like, Fräulein ELSE," she said, encouragingly.

"But wouldn't it be rather cold?" protested ELIZABETH.

The March Hare baby, who is much less ingenuous than ELIZABETH, grew red in the cheeks and said, "You keeps your flings on, natürlich. It looks properlier."

"And how will you do for a serpent?" asked ELIZABETH, whose nature is sadly reliant on the concrete, and cannot realise the unseen world.

"We've got a weal live snake," said the May Meeting baby, "but it's gestuft, so you won't be bited."

"And I will be the Apfel," added the March Hare baby, "and when you eats me I will unagree wiv you insides."

"But there isn't anybody to be ADAM," said ELIZABETH, thinking to raise an insurmountable difficulty.

The March Hare baby dealt with it promptly and conclusively, not without some show of pity for ELIZABETH's limited intelligence. "The Gartner, he will be ADAM," she said: "ADAM, in Mummy's story was a Gartner, auch."

The principal rôles being thus distributed, with the other babies as mute supers representing the Lion pensive beside the Lamb, symbols of the peace of Eden about to be so rudely disturbed, I was able to retire to what the play-bill would call "Another glade in Paradise," and talk in solitude with my larches. But that remark of ELIZABETH's kept preying on my mind—"There isn't anybody to be Adam!" Such a want of imagination; and such a confession of a woman's standard of desire as popularly accepted! I shall certainly have to telegraph for the Man of War. For either he would consent to be amused by a kind of humour that differs essentially from mine, or else, if she failed to win him from his iron mood, he would direct her attention, with paralysing frankness, to the limited purpose served by all women in any decently ordered scheme of society.

22ND.—Dearest Mamma,—You can't think what a dismal time I am having. Some stodgy Fraus have called, but nothing in the shape of a man. And even then I didn't count because I

wasn't married; as if one could possibly marry a German, anyhow. What an awful price to pay for being allowed into their cackling old hen yards! One of the frumps was talking of a French girl, in Berlin, whose engagement with a German officer was broken off because he saw her trying to climb on to the top of a tram-car. "Wasn't it real lace," I asked, "or was her ankle too bulgy?" All the three Fraus turned round with a jerk and put up their glasses at me, and then looked at the Gräfin, as much as to say, "What is this thing?" So the Gräfin explained to me that the French girl, being a foreigner like me, didn't know that the law wouldn't let women ride on the top of trams, because it was bad for morals. Aren't they funny, Mamma? I know I should always be in prison or somewhere if I lived here; not that it would make much difference, after being in this house.

I don't so much mind the plain living, and I could easily do without stupid damsons and things with my beef; but it's what she calls the "high thinking" that is so difficult. Of course, I don't often say aloud what I'm thinking about, but I know, by the Gräfin's eye, that she can always tell that it isn't high enough. Don't be surprised, will you, Mamma, if I telegraph some day for you to write and tell me to come home? The only thing that consoles me here is looking forward to the Man-of-War coming. Meantime I'm wearing to a thread, and CÉLESTINE talks of taking in my waists, and I really ought to be as fat as possible to please the Man-of-War, because they must be used to the natives being podgy. So I shall go in for what they call Swine-cutlets and Munich Beer, which are very developing.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZABETH.

26TH.—I cannot pretend to be very sorry that ELIZABETH has suddenly announced that she has to leave the day after tomorrow; besides, I can now wire to the Man of War to say that he need not come; and so I shall have the pink silence of the pines all to myself. I really had tried to improve her by simple processes like the sight of a sunset through woods; and when I saw a far-away look in her eyes I thought I was having a certain success, till she said, "I do like that; I simply must have a gown of that shade." Failing here I was not likely to succeed on subtler points, such as the alertness of tulips or the stooping divinity of nasturtiums.

I think myself fortunate to have got rid of ELIZABETH so easily. For a big girl, she is much too aggressively innocent. I always suspect people of that kind; they seem like Persian Yellows, very plausible to the careless eye, but with strange crawling things inside them when you look closer.

And now to go and dance with my daffodils!

28TH.—Dearest Mamma, thank you for answering my telegram so quickly, and telling me I may come home at once, I will explain why. Such a funny thing happened four days ago. It came out as quite the most natural thing in the world that the Gräfin is married to the Man-of-War! You can guess how staggered I was and nearly choked over my Swine-cutlet, because it sounded just like a harem, or something of that sort, only the other way about. I had hardly breath enough to ask if this was the same Man-of-War that she was expecting to-morrow, and the Gräfin looked quite surprised and said how could there be more than one Man-of-War, and I didn't know whether she meant that the German fleet was so small, but anyhow I agreed with her that one Man-of-War was quite enough to be married to at once, though I didn't say so. And then it struck me that if they were all married to her, all the officers, I mean, there would be nobody left over for me, besides it not being quite nice for me to stay in a house with a hostess married to so many people, though CÉLESTINE says it wouldn't include the warrant-officers; but then she is so selfish and only thinks about herself. And that's why I sent you the telegram, and please expect me soon after this arrives. Of course, I always said the Gräfin was a stuffy old bore, but

I never should have thought she was quite so wicked. I almost wonder you let me come here at all, don't you, Mamma? And fancy me being afraid that the Man-of-War might turn out to be an innocent bulb, and I remain,

Your affectionate daughter,

O. S. ELIZABETH.

JEERS, IDLE JEERS!

MINE is, alas! a flippant muse,
If she's a heart she does not show it,
So she and I have different views;
I want to be a *real* poet!

I want my verses to be read
With tears by men of lofty station,
I want a statue, when I'm dead,
Erected by a grateful nation!

I'm sick of writing ribald rhymes,
I'm tired of cutting humorous capers,
I want my poems in *The Times*
And all the other daily papers.
Like LEWIS MORRIS I will sing
—At quite unusual length—of Hades.
The critics say that sort of thing
Is very much admired by ladies.

With WILLIAM WATSON I'll declaim
Armenia's woes and make you shudder,
Or rival EDWIN ARNOLD's fame,
By writing further reams on Buddha.
I feel a playwright's fire in me,
I do not hesitate to say it;
I'll write a blank verse tragedy
And Mr. BEERBOHM TREE shall play it.

I'll turn out patriotic lays,
And make the music-halls recite them;
They'll win me universal praise—
And almost any fool can write them.
My lyrics shall surpass belief,
I'll shine alike in song and sonnet;
And when my country comes to grief
I'll write a threnody upon it.

Till AUSTIN, weary of the way
Those wicked critics daily twit him,
Will lay aside his wreath of bay
—Which really never seems to fit him.
Then all the other bards who try
To seize the crown will be rejected,
For nobody can doubt that I
Shall be the gentleman selected.

The papers will be charmed to hear
That one fine morning I've been
knighted,
And later, when I'm made a peer,
They will be equally delighted.
And when my day of death is come
I shall, I hope, like Master HORNER,
Pluck from life's pie one final plum
Serenely in the Poet's Corner.

ST. J. H.

MAXIM BY GERMAN EMPEROR.—“Bring up a boy in the way he should go, and he won't throw things at a reigning monarch.” [N.B. Other Royalties please copy.]



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Liz (to Emily). “MIND YER, IT'S ALL ROIGHT SO FUR AS IT GOES. ALL I SEZ IS, IT WANTS A FEVVER OR TWO, OR A BIT O' FLUSH SOMEWHARES, TO GIVE IT WHAT I CALL *STOYLE!*”

THE LATEST SENSATION.

[“With a view to assisting the police, a society of amateur detectives has been formed to arrest persons of suspicious appearance.”—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAVE got him at last! I have been following him for the past ten days, hour by hour and step by step. It was a near thing when I tracked him to refreshment department of the Victoria and Albert Museum; it was nearer still when I ran him to earth at Clapham Junction. But he slipped through my fingers on both occasions. Curse him, he is as slippery as DE WET. But my moment of triumph has arrived. In a few minutes I shall have taken him and shown that an amateur is quite as good as one of the brightest lights of the Criminal Investigation Department. Ah, my good Scotland Yard, look to your laurels!

I am watching for him. For the moment he has entered a public-house. This is not his first visit. But I hope it will be his last!

He comes out. I dodge him, ready at

a moment's notice to pounce. We look round cautiously, as if we were expecting someone.

We walk carefully one before the other both keenly on the alert. Suddenly he turns round, and now we are face to face. I rush at him. He rushes at me. There is a terrible struggle, but I have the better of it.

“I arrest you!” I exclaim, with as much dignity as I can muster after a quarter of an hour's fight.

“Nonsense!” cries my capture. “Nonsense! Who are you?”

“I am a member of the Amateur Detective Force, and I regard you as a suspicious character.”

“I deny your authority. Moreover, I arrest you.”

“Arrest me?”

“Yes; because I am a *real* detective, and consider *you* a suspicious character.”

I submit quietly.

P.S.—Waiting at a police station for someone to bail me out! Take my name off the Amateur Detective League to-morrow!

THE SPLENDID BANKRUPT.

(Being a Hint to our Legislators and a Reminder to the Official Receiver.)

UNDER its spreading bankruptcy
The village mansion stands ;
Its lord, a mighty man is he,
With large, broad-acred lands ;
And the laws that baulk his creditors
Are strong as iron bands.

His laugh is free and loud and long,
His dress is spick-and-span ;
He pays no debt with honest sweat,
He keeps whate'er he can,
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he fears not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Prince-like he runs the show ;
And a round of social gaieties
Keeps things from getting slow—
As the agent of his wife, of course,
His credit 's never low.

His children, coming back from school,
Bless their progenitor,
Who 's ruffling at the yearly rate
Of fifteen thou. or more,
Nor care they how his victims fly
To the workhouse open door.

He goes on Sunday to the church
With all whom he employs,
To hear the parson pray and preach,
Condemning stolen joys ;
It falls like water off his back—
His conscience ne'er annoys.

Scheming, promoting, squandering,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some "deal" begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Some coup attempted, someone "done,"
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus in the busy City life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus does the Splendid Bankrupt thrive
While honest fools get nought !

A. A. S.

CONCERNING THE CENSUS.

SCENE.—The sanctum of Paterfamilias.
TIME.—The morning for national statistics.

Head of the Family (after filling in form).
Now, Cook, I think I have all the details.
Cook. Yes, Sir, same as last time you took it.

Head. And your age ?

Cook. Same too, Sir, if you please, Sir.

[Exit cook.]

Head (turning to guest). And now, my dear Miss LUCY, I am afraid I must be very inquisitive. You have most kindly filled in the blanks—all but the age.

Miss Lucy. There 's my difficulty, I am not quite sure of the year. My birthday was on the 27th.

Head. Yes, but that is scarcely a guide.

Can you remember any event to fix it in your mind ? For instance, there was the Paris Exhibition of last year.

Miss Lucy. Oh, I didn't see it ; but I remember the one before it.

Head. That will help us—eleven years ago.

Miss Lucy. And I thought it so different from our own one. I remember, as quite a wee wee child, the Crystal Palace.

Head. No doubt at Sydenham ?

Miss Lucy. Wasn't it in Hyde Park ?

Head. Yes, that was in 1851. Oh, if you remember that, you must be—

Miss Lucy (interrupting). Oh, pray don't worry about dates. (Smiling) I see I must tell you the truth, so please put me down at five and twenty.

(Curtain.)

A LIFE TAX.

["At a meeting of the Colchester Town Council it was announced that owing to the remarkably healthy state of the borough the cemetery was no longer self-supporting and had to be maintained out of the rates."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

O FAVOURED town, such health to know
As crowns Hygeia's rose-white brow,
Thy secret to the world avow.

Thou hast no traffic's crowd to cross,
Which means so often certain loss
Of life beneath the hoof of hoss.

Nor flats built half-way to the skies,
To toil up which the strongest tries ;
Such flats are death-traps in disguise.

Perchance no motors chase the wind
And leave (besides the smell) behind
A track of over-run mankind.

And is thy beer from arsenic free ?
Thy water germless ? And is the
Milk pure and wholesome as can be ?

Or is it that thy people must
Not in thy town return to dust
To baulk An Undertaker's Trust ?

NATURE'S ALLY.

["It is proposed to illuminate the Yosemite Falls, California, by twenty arc electric lights arranged for colour effects. The falls are 2600 feet high."—*The Globe*.]

OH, who shall dare in after days
To pipe a song in Nature's praise ?
Nature, who really seems afraid
To push her little stock-in-trade.
Old are her hills, her valleys, too,
In all her works there 's nothing new.
But what is sadder to relate
She will not bring them up to date.
She forms a mountain and then fails
To furnish it with train and rails.
She takes decades to mould a crater
And then forgets the elevator.
Such carelessness, pray, who could
pardon ?

She wonderfully plans a garden,
A natural haven of delight
And overshadows it by night,

Leaving the Yankee, most Twen-centy,
To fit it up with arc lights twenty.
So now the works you can compare
Of Nature with the millionaire.
How faint the glories of the skies
Compared with Yankee enterprise !
We wait to see Niagara's Falls,
Supplied with countless music halls,
For where exhausted Nature ends
America assistance lends.

WHAT IT MUST NEVER COME TO.

A purely imaginary Sketch.

LECTURER.—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, as you have seen a crater in action and other interesting matters of a purely public character, I will show you what I may call the private side of life. Here we have Mr. BROWN proposing to Miss SMITH. (Illustration.) You will notice that the bridegroom-elect—for so he will be by-and-bye—is a little nervous. He has knocked over a chair—(laughter)—and has some difficulty in falling upon his knees. (Laughter.) He takes her hand, presses it to his heart and—well, we can imagine the rest. (Applause.) And now, while we are preparing our next illustration, I can let you into the secret of how these things are done. Like all great discoveries, the matter is simplicity itself. All we have had to do has been to arrange an automatic apparatus, which records what is going on in the apartment in which it is fixed. Quite simple, and yet wonderful. Now we shall be able to proceed. Our next illustration is the execution of the Rottenborough Murderer. (Loud applause.)

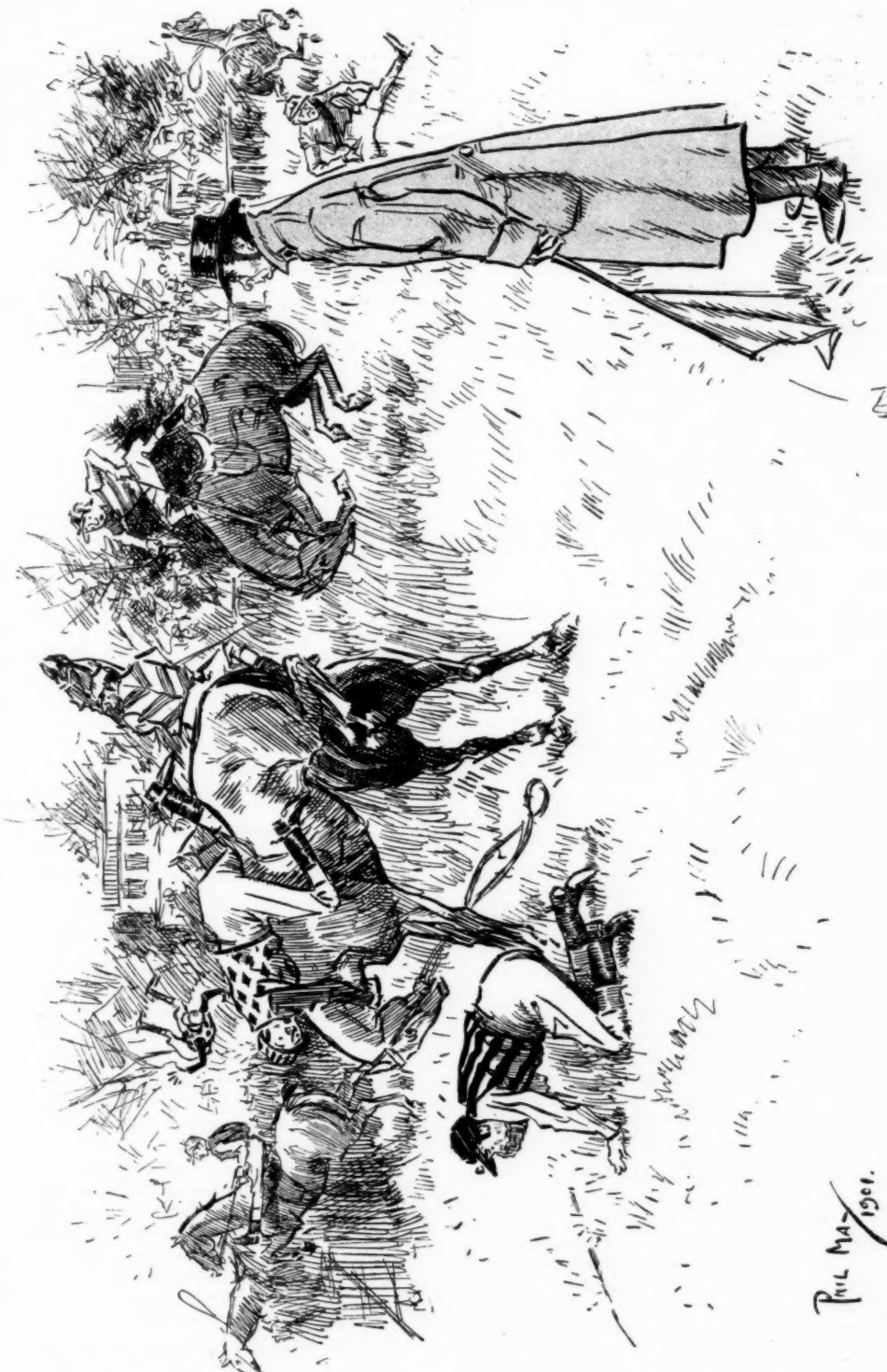
[The Entertainment proceeds.]

AN OPTIMIST'S SPRING SONG.

SPRING, while at you the cynics rail,
Your fickleness arraigning,
Not ours your coldness to assail,
With querulous complaining.
To you glad greetings still we bring,
With vernal transports glowing,
For, though you might be milder, spring,
It is not always snowing.

Though frequent blizzards swirl and shriek,
Our very marrows freezing,
And though the climate hard and bleak
Sets feeble wind-pipes wheezing ;
We at our snug firesides can stay,
In cosy armchairs, knowing
The clouds will pass away some day—
It is not always snowing.

Nay then, sweet spring, we still can smile,
Though by your scourgings smitten,
And though we sneeze and shiver, while
By your keen tooth we're bitten ;
This thought can mitigate our pains,
A soothing balm bestowing—
Sometimes it only hails and rains,
It is not always snowing.



OUR AMATEUR STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

"THEY'RE OFF!"

Paul Max 1901.

OPERATIC PROSPECTS.

SOME say the season's going to be a French 'un. The ground for which assertion, I may mention, is, that a name whereon I place my finger, In the subscribers' list is "Paris Singer."
 "Which," as says EUCLID, "is absurd." Dismiss it.
 All ask if Madame MELBA will revisit
 The stage she brightens with her charming trill?
 Her answer 's yet to come; perhaps she will.
 Well, "if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,"
 "And if she won't, she won't, and there 's an end on 't."
 Yet with good names the opera programme teems—
 ADAMS, TERNINA, BAUERMEISTER, EAMES,
 MAUBOURG and GADSKY, BREMA and SOBRINO,
 And of the others many have we seen? No.
 But there is one whom all will hail with "Salve!"
 That great dramatic singer, Madame CALVÉ.
 Now for "the spear side": Would you hear "Otello"?
 Then here 's TAMAGNO; he 's the very fellow!
 PLANÇON, SALEZA, BISPHAM, COATES, and BLASS
 As Dogberry, singing, "Write me down an ass,"
 In opera, by VILLIERS STANFORD, who
 Has set to music SHAKESPEARE'S "Much Ado."
 Names of VAN DYCK, VAN ROOY, the list has got:
 Two Vans for all this Covent Garden lot!
 They 'll sing their songs as well as e'er they 've sung 'em,
 Although you 'll note they 've but one Knot among them!
 The orchestra as large and good as ever.
 FLON, MANCINELLI, both Conductors clever.
 With FORSYTH Manager success is certain;
 But, hush! The overture! . . . Ring up the curtain!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A DAINTY little book for the pocket is the collection of TENNYSON'S *Love Poems* (JOHN LANE). The Easter holiday-maker, travelling for recreation, will do well to carry this with him, and learn half a poem a day.

"Hullo, here 's a church!" said Mr. Wennick, walking through Walworth, Miss Skiffins on his arm. "Let 's go in and get married." "Hullo!" says Mr. BARING-GOULD, "there 's much talk just now in Blue Books and Parliament about lead poisoning in the earthenware works. Let 's go down to the Potteries and write a novel." This he does, calls it *The Froshishers*, and Mr. METHUEN publishes it. It is a sadly inartistic piece of work. In hardly any scene are the flats joined. The materials are older than the first number of the *London Journal*. There is the rightful heir (Beaudessart) re-instated, the superseded family, including a lovely girl, left destitute. This makes an opening for the Potteries, and for Mr. BARING-GOULD to work up information about work there learned in a flying visit. There is the leering, lustful manager of the works; the virtuous girl, who is finally married to the re-instated heir, and lives happy evermore in her old home. "A poor thing," my Baronite says. "But mine own," retorts Mr. BARING-GOULD, capping the quotation.

In *The Wizard's Knot* (FISHER UNWIN) WILLIAM BARRY [tout court, for is he not the Reverend and "D.D." to boot?] has written a romance of Irish life which, in many respects, other writers in the same field of literature would find hard to beat. His gift of poetic description, his thorough knowledge and genuine appreciation of certain phases of the Celtic character, coupled with his power of life-like portraiture (for they are more than sketches of those who have unconsciously served him as models) give to his work a charm which, as a mere tale, it does not possess. The story is thin, and it is not long before whatever interest has been awakened at the commencement is obscured by clouds of far-fetched epithets or

lost in a labyrinth of puzzling paragraphs. Sometimes the Baron has paused in his pleasurable toil to wonder if BARRY could possibly be the Irish spelling of MEREDITH. Nevertheless, the character of O'Dwyer, scholar, peasant, poet, hedge-school-master, medicine-man and wizard, is a masterpiece.

In *Two Sides of a Question* MAY SINCLAIR (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.) gives us two stories, of which, my Baronitess says, the second, "Superseded," is the better. Both stories are somewhat pessimistic, and should therefore be read when you are in the best of health on a sunshiny day. The second story is notable for its quaint touches of character in the narrow life of a middle-aged teacher of arithmetic.

"Finding on my table," quoth the studious and indefatigable Baron, "a book entitled *Veronica Vernon*, the first chapter of which was headed 'I vegetate,' it occurred to me that MIXA SANDEMAN'S *Veronica Vernon Vegetarian* (JOHN LONG) offered a prospect no less of entertainment than, judging from its dedication 'to the Blessed Angels on spheres of light,' and to 'all champions of the helpless,' of instruction." So the Baron bravely went to work; and in the course of perusal took a considerable amount of exercise in the way of skipping, by which means he sped along with agility to Chapter XV., headed "I receive a shock," and the story being sufficiently interesting (somewhat after the manner of that very original "My dear Diary," of years ago) to warrant the Baron's seeing it through to the bitter (or sweet) end, the undaunted Baron bent to his work with stern determination. He passed to Chapter XVI. Story going well, interest improving; nearing the dénouement. Now for Chapter XVII. . . . Hallo! No Chapter XVII.!!! But instead, Chapter XV. over again, with same heading "I receive a shock." The Baron *did*, indeed, "receive a shock!" Rarely has he ever been so "shock'd." The numbers, too, of the pages had got mixed. Here is 296 next to 265, and at 280 the book finishes with this broken line,

"You look very pensive, Miss VERDANT," remarked "

That 's all. "Here break we off"—with a vengeance. Who "remarked"? What did he remark? There 's no intimation that the story is to be "continued in our next." No; nothing. As, on a memorable occasion, Miss SQUEERS exclaimed, "Is this the hend?" so, aspirate included, hasks the disappointed and
 PUZZLED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE DRINK OF PEERS.

["Ginger ale" is advertised "as drunk in the House of Lords."]

COME, fill the cup! The peers look wan and pale,
 And 'neath their legislative labours fail;

Half round the hours the minute hand hath stole;
 Enough! come fill the cup with ginger ale!

Fill high the foaming nectar! Do not fear
 To quaff the sparkling cup, for every peer,

Though drinking, shall be sober: it alone
 Is drunk within the gilded chamber here.

Far other drinks our fathers used to swill
 From sunny vineyard or from Highland still;

But since a gouty habit they bequeathed
 To us, we needs must be teetotal still.

Although for smallest mercies we would fain
 Express due gratitude, mere doles are vain

To make our shrunken rent-rolls what they were,
 And ginger ale is cheaper than champagne.

If by some strange mischance (and here 's the rub!)
 The Children's Bill, despite the CECIL'S snub,

Should pass this session, whom have we to send
 To fetch our modest pewter from the pub.?

Then let the baffled brewers wrathful rail,
 And curse the Lords for their decreasing sale;

Health, purse, necessity together cry,
 "Come, fill the cup, ye Peers, with ginger ale!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER XI.

Hunting-types—The Veteran, "Old Ribs."

THERE is in every hunt at least one veteran who has followed those particular hounds since he was a boy, who swears by them as the very best pack in the world, who comes out with them still on every hunting day, and whose words are regarded with an almost superstitious reverence by all the rest. His dress conveys an idea of immemorial antiquity, suggesting the sporting pictures of a day long since gone by. His hat is low-crowned and broad-brimmed, his chin is sunk into the folds of an ample hunting-stock with a plain gold pin to keep it together. His coat is of a sub-fusc hue, his breeches are of serviceable brown cord, and his legs are cased in an old pair of butcher boots made of limp leather and heavily crinkled and wrinkled from top to bottom. His spurs make no pretence to ape the fashion; they are short and curved, rather than long and straight. His queer old crop with its brown thong adds a final touch of character to his make-up. His nag, like his breeches, is meant for service rather than for show—a bony, angular grey, short-coupled and as hard as nails, emphatically not a horse,

Swift as the Arab steed that leads the rush
Of turbaned warriors.

nor one on which you would choose to make an effort

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,

but, nevertheless, a horse that invariably manages, with the cheery, grey-whiskered veteran on his back, to be well up with the hounds when the run ends, no matter what the country may be over which the fox has led them in his race for life. Wonderful stories are told of this horse, his patriarchal age, his capacity for endurance, his marvellous wisdom. "Old Ribs" he is called by the younger and light-minded members of the hunt, who yet, one and all, profess and feel an unbounded admiration for his prowess and that of his rider. It was "Old Ribs" who, when his master once fell off into a thick and muddy ditch (we are all human, even the oldest of us; and we all fall now and then), sat by him—"Yes, Sir, I give you my word of honour, sat by him like a dog"—the old gentleman having wrenched his leg and being unable to struggle out, and eventually summoned assistance by plucking a farm-labourer by his smock until he induced the astounded rustic to follow him to the scene of the disaster. And it was "Old Ribs" who, on the following hunting day, his master being still laid up, managed to escape from his loose-box and appeared at the front door at the usual time bearing his master's hunting crop in his mouth. There are a hundred other stories, all equally veracious, and all bearing testimony to the virtues of this unparalleled animal, who has never within the memory of other veterans been young, and will never grow old. Some day, years and years hence, a flight of shining winged horses will descend upon the stable where "Old Ribs" has his home and will bear him away to another happy ground where there is no wire fencing, and where ghostly hounds chase shadowy foxes for ever through the asphodel country without a check. But in the meantime this type of perennial equine middle-age remains to delight our hunt and to carry his gallant old master. He is a horse of character and has opinions of his own. Certain fences there are that he simply won't jump, and when he comes to one of them he just stops and turns his wise old head round. His rider knows him too well to try to flog him or spur him over. He dismounts in the most amiable and accommodating way, and while the youngsters are charging and blundering and scrambling to right and to left of him he takes the reins in his hand, gets over the ditch, climbs the bank, brings "Old Ribs" cheerfully after him, and so down on the other side without any silly fuss or ceremony. It is a convention between horse and rider, and each does his part perfectly.



UNANSWERABLE.

Young Impecunious Swell (rather proud of his figure, and anxious to produce a great effect at a forthcoming County Ball—to Tailor). "I SAY, MY FRIEND, DO ME A GREAT FAVOUR; LET ME HAVE THIS NEW SUIT BY THE END OF THE WEEK, AND I SHALL BE FOR EVER AND EVER INDEBTED TO YOU."

Tailor. "THANK YOU MUCH, SIR; BUT I THINK, ON CONSIDERATION, I SHOULD PREFER A CHEQUE DOWN, EVEN UNDER A SLIGHT DISCOUNT."

"Why don't you put the saddle on and let the horse mount you?" said an irreverent novice when he saw this performance being gone through. The old man made no reply, but he had his quiet revenge. At the next fence the scoffer parted company with his fiery Bucephalus, and the veteran as he passed tossed him a ginger biscuit, saying, "It's all I can spare," and left him gazing disconsolately at the vanishing flight of hounds and horsemen.

RATHER "OUT OF IT"

OH, my dear Sir, my very dear Sir, I've had such a shock! Having mislaid my glasses—meaning spectacles; no other glasses, being an almost total abstainer—my nephew was reading aloud to me from *The Times* of Tuesday, March 26. We only get it fifth hand, being rather out of the way and economical, and so it was not until yesterday that I heard the news. It was:—

"King CHRISTIAN toasted King EDWARD."

I was horrified. I could not help gasping out the question, "And ate him?"

Ah! Then came my nephew's explanation. But can I trust him? He's a bit of a wag, and when he says that to "toast a person" only means to drink his health, I have my doubts. I certainly have heard someone "propose a toast," but that's quite another affair. However, if I don't hear from you to the contrary, I shall with pleasure accept my nephew JIM's explanation.—Yours,

DORCAS DULLASLED.

Ditchwater Dyke Dell, Dumphshire.



THE LABOUR MARKET.

Employer. "I SHAN'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN ABOUT GETTING ON WITH YOUR WORK, YOUNG MAN. THE NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU IDLING ABOUT, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO."

Boy (confidentially). "CHAPS IS SCARCE!"

A SHAKSPEARIAN SOUVENIR.

FIRST-RATE idea of Mr. TREE'S (whose impersonation of *Malvolio* is a masterpiece of comicality), especially when carried out to something nearly approaching perfection, is that of presenting your audience with a "*souvenir*" of the fiftieth or hundredth night of the run of a Shakspearian or, for the matter of that, of any other play. Now this artistic "*souvenir*," very cleverly drawn by CHAS. BUCHEL and reproduced in colour by HENTSCHEL LTD., is of itself an attraction to re-visit Her Majesty's. The likenesses are excellent, invaluable to a theatrical collector; but, as they are likenesses only of the "*characters*," would it not add considerably to the value of another "*souvenir*" were the portraits of actresses or actors in everyday attire placed in juxtaposition to that of themselves "*in character*"? Would it not be an invaluable lesson in the art of "*making-up*"? Would it not be an additional tribute to the artistic talent of the actor, for every actor must have in him, more or less, the germs of the historical artist's peculiar power? Sometimes the actor has to reproduce historical portraiture: at other times he has to consult the author, and draw the portrait of the character he is assuming from the latter's conception of it.

But in a play of Shakspearian fancy he has to determine for himself, or to blend his own idea with that of whoever is charged with the production of the piece. However, this is not an essay on "the art of making-up," and Mr. Punch's Representative has only to record the vast improvement of Miss MAUD JEFFRIES' *Olivia* (since the first night) and the continued success of *Twelfth Night*, which, filling Her Majesty's nightly, bids fair, judging from the present undoubted popularity, to achieve an exceptionally long run.

USEFUL PRESENTS FOR EASTER.

Russia.—A scheme for suppressing anarchy and establishing liberty without license. *France.*—A plan to wipe out the deficit of the Paris Exhibition and to give rest to the unrestful. *Spain.*—A project for reconciling the irreconcilables. *Italy.*—An idea for retrenchment without effacement. *Turkey.*—A composition without bankruptcy. *China.*—A government without examination. *Japan.*—A mode of securing amiable neighbours without recourse to the sword or Oriental diplomacy. *United States.*—Protection without defiance. Knowledge that the money of the millionaire would sometimes be more useful in the pockets of the millions. *Great Britain.*—A contented mind under the coming burden of increased taxation.



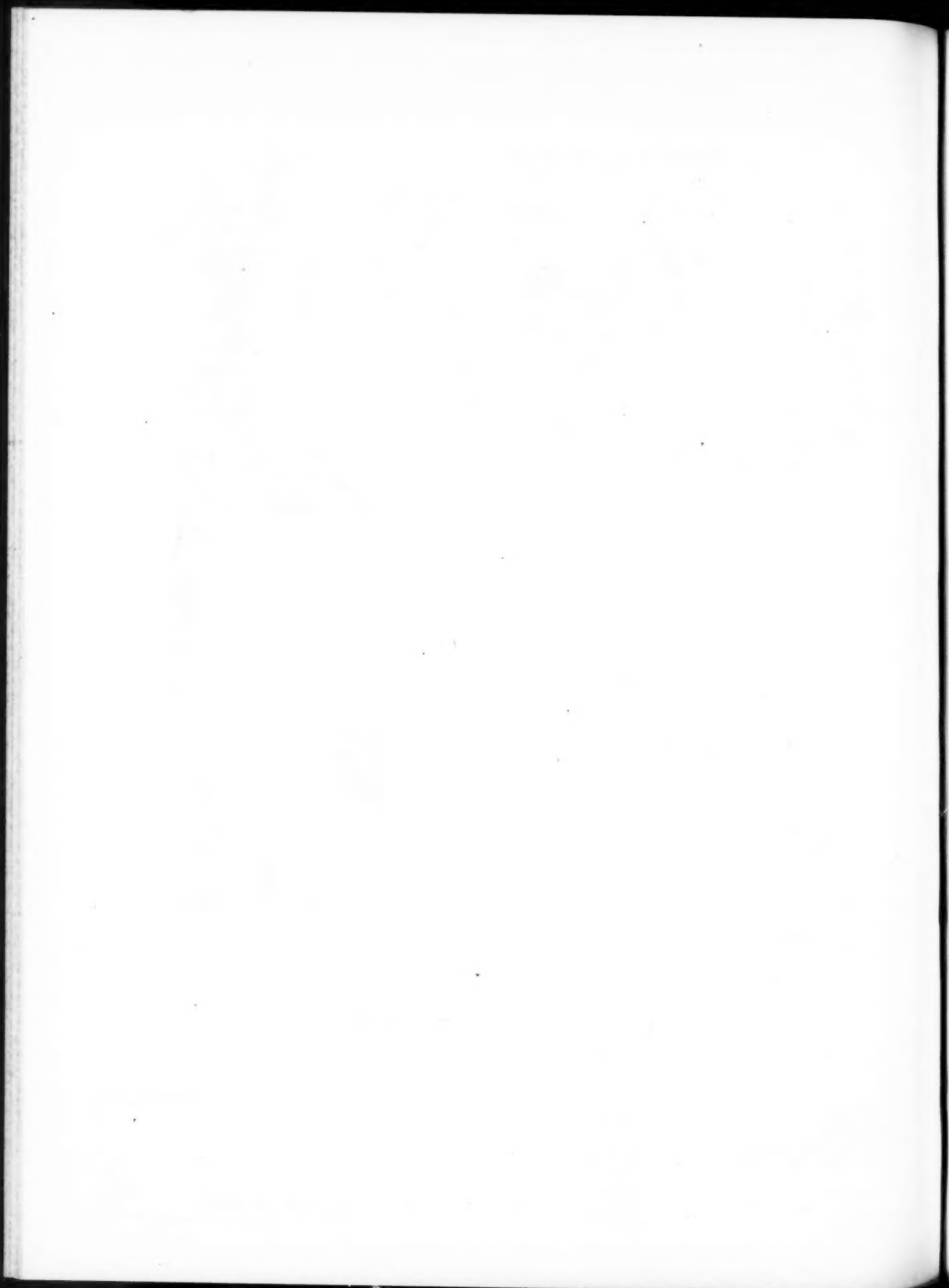
THE HOUSE AND THE CENSUS.

MR. PUNCH (the ENUMERATOR). "WHO IS MASTER HERE?"

IRISH PARTY. "SURE IT'S MYSELF? I'M THE MASTER HERE."

THE ENUMERATOR. "WHO SLEPT HERE LAST NIGHT?"

IRISH PARTY. "DIVIL A ONE! I KEPT THE WHOLE HOUSE AWAKE WITH MY SHINDY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—
 "When C.B. is away the SQUIRE doth play," said SARK, dropping into poetry, and, unlike Mr. Silas Wegg, scorning to make extra charge.

Leader of Opposition at home nursing a cold, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, returning to old work, took his place and, to a certain extent, made things hum. That very hard task after an hour's experience with dull-witted Irishmen of the type of O'DOHERTY trying their hand at the game of baiting Ministers with questions. Nevertheless, SQUIRE in good form. Recalled old times when gentlemen on Front Bench lived up to axiom that the duty of an Opposition is to oppose. Harking back to controversy last week when PRINCE ARTHUR, designing to dish obstructionists, submitted Civil Service Estimates in lump sum, the SQUIRE extracted from SPEAKER a ruling that will prevent its repetition. Also he made clear inconvenient fact that when BRODRICK, disclosing new Army plan, announced that the Navy would hereafter look after the coaling stations he counted without the Admiralty.

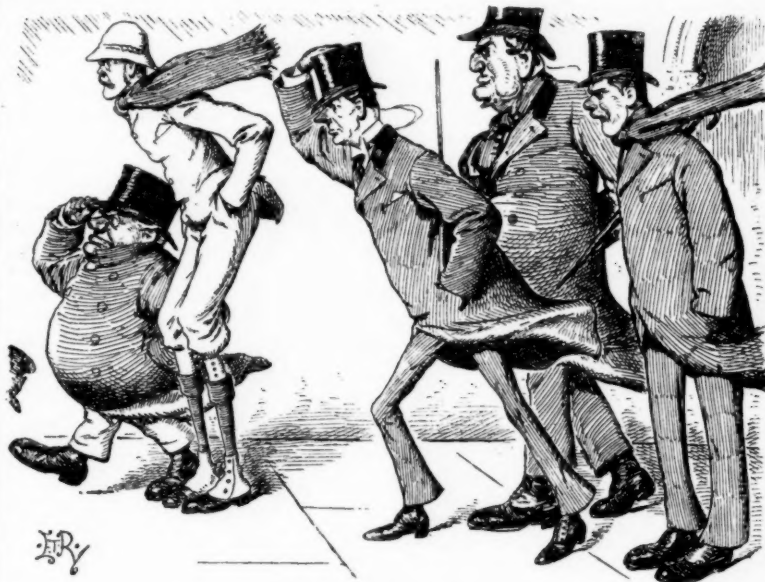
PRINCE ARTHUR a great admirer of the SQUIRE'S.

"HARCOURT," he once said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, "is the last survivor of the old type of the highest form of the House of Commons man."

That an abstract opinion, dropped in flush of generous talk about an ancient foe-man. In the concrete, aggravating to the sweetest temper to have the SQUIRE unexpectedly waking up and showing how an Opposition ought to be led. He submitted his point of order to the SPEAKER



The Concrete (Sir Wm. H-re-rt) pitches into the Abstract (Mr. B-l-r).



OFF FOR A (NORTH-) EASTER HOLIDAY!

(As it PROMISES TO BE—UGH!!)

at prodigious length. Question reached proportions of ordinary speech.

"I understand," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with wicked emphasis on the numeral, "the right hon. gentleman submitted one question on one point of order."

Then in snappish tone he proceeded, as briefly as possible, to defend the action taken.

Bad enough to have Irish Members yelping at his heels night after night through the week, coarsely belittling his gifts as Leader. To have the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD suddenly resuming reins of leadership a visitation equivalent to the last straw. The Leader of the House of Commons is, after all, almost human.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Tuesday night.—House adjourned at quarter to five this morning; SPEAKER took chair again at three this afternoon. Shifts in a coal mine easy going compared with this. The sturdy miner shares the labour of a day with another, and would raise the roof off the mine if he were called upon to extend one of his working shifts for an uninterrupted space of fourteen hours.

In point of time, matters growing critical with Appropriation Bill. In order to conform to statutory regulations governing close of financial year must get it through all stages before Saturday. Natural to suppose House meeting again this afternoon would straightway proceed to Second Reading of the Bill. That would be all very well for gathering of private commercial company, of

Board of Guardians, or of a Vestry. The Mother of Parliaments knows better. The first and freshest four hours of the sitting were given up to a Private Bill. Then came cloud of Questions darkening the dinner hour. At length, in almost empty House, a few tired-out Members proceeded to Debate Second Reading of Appropriation Bill.

Proceedings dead dull. House in comatose state. Shortly after midnight Members on Ministerial side, waking out of troubled doze, found SPEAKER on his legs putting question; groped their way into Division Lobby, and so home to bed.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Thursday night.—Like the burglar's, the life of the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is not wholly a happy one. Since he came into the family heritage, SON AND HEIR has been singularly unfortunate. To begin with, there was his delightfully frank, but disastrous, remark about COUSIN ARTHUR forbidding him when replying to Questions to say anything in supplement of what is written out for him. Then there was the row about his Chief's confidences to the Lords on the Tientsin business, his light and airy ignoring of the House that includes amongst its members his colleague at the Foreign Office. SON AND HEIR not responsible for either of these misfortunes. PRINCE ARTHUR imposed on him the first; LANSDOWNE everything to do with second.

To-night promised reparation. Task committed to him of explaining to Commons position of affairs in China. Had

ordinary course been followed, and this question of Imperial interest come on immediately after Questions, all would have been well. SON AND HEIR would have had population of the Vineyard in attitude of strained attention; fresh himself, would have talked to unwearied ears. What happened was that, South Africa winning the toss, went to the wickets. Some sharp play, with DON JOSÉ in best slogging form. Debate trailed on through dinner hour; that in itself bit of good luck; seemed to promise SON AND HEIR'S opportunity about ten o'clock, the best hour for speaking after 7.30. Members come in from dinner with minds and bodies refreshed, in genial mood to welcome promising effort.

Alack! BASHMEAD-ARTLETT was to the fore. Since Question time he had pervaded premises. What with LANSDOWNE up in the Lords discoursing on China, with SON AND HEIR in Commons liable to be turned on same topic any moment, BASHMEAD had rather exciting evening. Lines of strangers waiting in outer Lobby from time to time startled by meteoric flight; were conscious of the swift passing of tall figure with flushed face, lank locks, a glass gleaming in one eye like a perturbed beacon, a mass of drab-coloured pocket-handkerchief protruding from coat-tail pocket. Some said it was the new star, Nova Persei, astray from its unaccustomed orbit. Police explained it was "only ASHMEAD-BARTLETT."

Needn't have been in such hurry. Foreign Secretary finished his statement, and had comfortably dined, before China Question reached in Commons, and the Sheffield Knight, rising, poured out by the hour what SARK describes as "a washy flood of turbulent trash." Half-past eleven before SON AND HEIR got a look in; did very well, considering how sorely he was handicapped.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time.

Friday night.—Reading CHILDERS' *Life and Correspondence*, just issued by JOHN MURRAY. An interesting record of long labour in public service. Throws flood of light on inner chambers of English politics during last quarter of a century. Lips of CHILDERS not touched with that celestial fire which flamed about his contemporaries DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, BRIGHT and LOWE. Like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who in some points he much resembled, he was in the first flight of statesmen of the second rank. Like his great chief, his industry was colossal. But he had not behind it the iron constitution of Mr. G. More than once laid aside by break down of health. Wherever he went he succeeded in working his way to the front. Going out to Australia in 1850, his ambition was bounded by "some little hope" of getting an appointment of £250 a year as Inspector of Schools. He obtained that,

and within four years had worked his way to high ministerial office with a salary of £2,000 a year and a retiring pension of £800, enjoyed till the close of his life.

Letters addressed to him by Mr. G. are embargoed pending conclusion of JOHN MORLEY'S *Life of the Master Statesman*. CHILDERS in his own correspondence succeeds in throwing side-lights on that multiplex character. We who lived with him in the House of Commons remember his gift of convincing people that whatever was (at the moment expedient) was right. I can see him now as, nineteen years ago, the British Fleet having bombarded Alexandria and a British Army having landed in Egypt under GARNET



A Valuable "Ure" discovered at Linlithgow.
(Mr. Ure, K.C.—a sketch in the House.)

WOLSELEY, he stood at the table beating the open palm of his left hand with his right, and insisting we were not at war. On the 15th July, 1882, he wrote to CHILDERS, then Minister for War, suggesting that the troops should be placed under command of the Naval authorities avowedly for police purposes, "so as to avoid even the semblance of invasion, and the consequent suspicion and serious difficulties that would arise if we landed a regular army under military commanders."

Isn't that delicious? Does more to reveal the inner man than a tome of biography. Much of equal value in the two volumes. The veil is withdrawn from the perplexities of the divided Cabinet struggling through the historic epoch, 1882-85. In the latter year came the Penjdeh Incident, happening at a moment when England was at grips with the MAHDI in the sad Soudan. For the first time we learn how serious was the crisis which led to the vote of credit for

eleven millions. CHILDERS notes that in his speech announcing the demand, Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded in establishing this necessity without once mentioning Russia!

Colonel SPENCER CHILDERS has performed a difficult task with modesty and ability, making valuable contribution to political history of the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill receives Royal Assent.

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. III.

THE LOST TEMPER.

COME with me and I will show you
Such a pitiable case,
Of a man of whom I know you
Would detest to fill the place.

Years ago he lost his temper,
AND HE NEVER GOT IT BACK!
He is truly *idem semper*
With this lamentable lack.

Most unalterably placid,
He is never known to frown,
And it doesn't make him acid
If you kick him when he's down.

Does he wish to be insipid?
No, it grieves him to the soul.
He would rather be equipped
With a temper on the whole.

All the children love to pelt him
With potatoes in the street;
And to take a belt and belt him
Is the loafer's special treat.

Yet, you'll ever find him lenient
To the hooligan and rough;
Though it's highly inconvenient
To be never in a huff.

For his hat is badly battered,
And the head that's underneath
Often has its senses scattered
With the loss of sundry teeth.

In this most unhealthy fashion
He is treated, for they know
That he hasn't any passion
Or vindictiveness to show.

And he longs with such a longing
For the temper he has lost!
For the righting of the wronging
Which his carelessness has cost.

But his temper's gone for ever,
All his longing is in vain
(He who found it thought it clever
Not to part with it again).

Ne'er again this hapless victim
Will be angry with a bore,
Nor with anyone who kicked him
Yet impatient any more!

Do you see the striking moral
I'm reserving for the end?
If you really wish to quarrel,
NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER, friend.

F. E.



G. L. STAMP. 1901

' WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT.'

"IT IS VERY DELIGHTFUL TO SEE YOUNG LADIES SO FOND OF EACH OTHER," THINKS YOUNG JONES; "BUT I DO DISLIKE HAVING TO WATCH SUCH PITIFUL WASTE!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

The First-Night. 'Tis come at last! the most eventful night
Which press and public have awaited long;
The Thespian temple, all ablaze with light,
Welcomes a large and fashionable throng,
Which through the vestibule serenely flocks
To stalls, dress-circle, or a private box.

Characteristics of the Audience. The cheaper portions of the house will be
Filled with those persons who are none the less
Critics of recognized ability
Although they may not put on evening dress,
And pit and gallery have borne the brunt
Of waiting hours to get a seat in front.

Notice the hum and chatter that pervade
The auditorium in ev'ry part;
While by the "gods" sweet melody is made
Until the tuneful overture shall start.
And now and then will rise a storm of cheers,
As some distinguished personage appears.

Now from the orchestra there comes the sound
Of tuning up, with many a scrape and squeak;
And restless eyes, that have been roving round,
A certain spot beneath the footlights seek,
Whence will emerge, with *bâton* in his hand,
The chief composer, to conduct the band.

The Conductor takes his Seat. See, there he is! and volleys of applause
From ev'ry quarter his appearance greet;
Repeatedly he bows—then comes a pause,
As in the orchestra he takes his seat.
A glance at his musicians, ev'ryone;
He waves his hand—the overture's begun.

What follows need not be described at great length. The reader has probably been present at many such first-nights. He knows the applause which greets every popular artiste, as he or she appears during the progress of the First Act. The musical numbers will be listened to attentively, and those which particularly take the fancy of the audience will call forth a demand for encores, which the conductor, if he is wise, will turn a deaf ear to as much as possible. To take every encore means prolonging the performance to a late hour, and when the fate of a piece is doubtful, a conclusion in good time may often turn the balance of public opinion in a favourable direction.

The Interval between the Acts. After the First Act there will be a wait
Longer than usual, because, you know,
Changes of scenery necessitate
A lot of practice for a week or so
(Upon the programme, as a rule, you'll find
Indulgence asked in matters of this kind).

But, after all, it is the Second Act
On which the fortune of the play depends;
Unless with tuneful numbers it is packed,
The audience will weary ere it ends.
And though the low comedian may gag,
There comes a time when things begin to drag.

The Calls before the Curtain. Still, let us hope that matters will progress
Smoothly until the final curtain fall;
Then ev'ryone concerned in the success
Will have to come in front and take a call.
The audience applauds, though one or two
May have recourse to the discordant "Boo!"

The Manager occasionally maketh a Speech. And when the members of the lengthy cast
Have come on, one by one, or two by two;
And when before the curtain there have passed
The authors, lyrists, and composers too,
Then, once again, the house is set astir
By the appearance of the Manager.

There, with a cheerful smile upon his face,
See in his glory how he stands alone,
His countenance revealing not a trace
Of all the past anxiety he's known.
Sometimes the noisy audience beseech
That he will just vouchsafe to them a speech.

Exit the Audience. But by-and-bye they turn the footlights out,
And rapidly the crowd of people throngs
Into the street, with lots to talk about,
Some even humming snatches of the songs.
The critics hurry off at once to write
Any impressions they have formed that night.

So, all is over, saving the critiques
Which in to-morrow's papers will appear;
If they are fairly good, for many weeks
The box-office one hardly can get near,
And ev'ry other person that one meets
Explains that he's been trying to book seats.

The Provincial Companies. Then soon the touring companies go forth
Upon their travels all throughout the land;
And people, east and west, and south and north,
Will pay their money down with willing hand.
While striking posters, flaunted near and far,
All help to make the piece more popular.

* * * * *

Perchance it happens that you do not pay
Another visit to this merry show,
Till it has been before the public, say
For just about three hundred nights or so.
Then we'll excuse you if you rub your eyes,
And gaze around you in a blank surprise.

The title of the piece remains, no doubt,
The characters are pretty much the same;
But if there's little else you know about
I do not think that you are much to blame.
No wonder that it all should seem so strange,
For ev'rything has undergone a change.

The Second Edition. New numbers have been added here and there,
New business, very probably new scenes;
New dresses, gorgeous beyond compare;
But, really, it is only by these means
That such a piece draws crowded houses for
Five hundred nights or, maybe, even more.

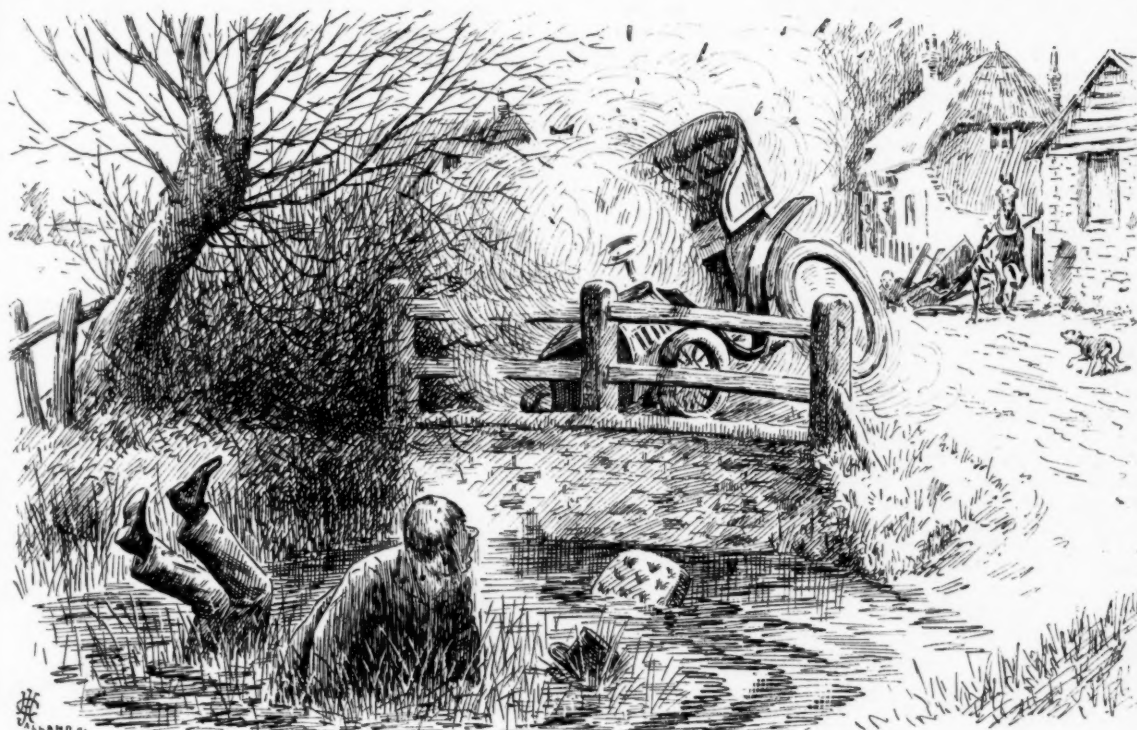
L'ENVOI.

The Poet prepareth to dismount Pegasus. Enough, O gentle reader! you and I
Have probed beneath the surface more or less,
Seeking to find the wherefore and the why
Of things that are conducive to success.
Now let us bid adieu to all concerned,
Trusting that no ill-feeling we have earned.

The Moral (if any). And if there is a moral to be traced
From any of the incidents I've shown,
'Tis surely this; "Study the public taste,
Even although it may not be your own."
Thus fortune you may speedily amass,
And, "*Vincit omnia Varietas!*"

THE END.

P. G.



MOTORIST (A NOVICE) HAS BEEN GIVING CHAIRMAN OF LOCAL URBAN COUNCIL A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE EASE WITH WHICH A MOTOR-CAR CAN BE CONTROLLED WHEN TRAVELLING AT A HIGH SPEED.

A SPORTSMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

[“This is one of the most crowded weeks in the Sportsman's Year.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WITH his usual determination to keep abreast of every movement, and guide the opinions of the public, Mr. *Punch* directed his Sporting Representative to keep an eye on everything of interest to the sportsman during the week that has elapsed since our last issue. The effort to be in so many places at once has perhaps befogged the usually clear intellect of his S. R.; or, possibly, the occurrence of the First of April has had an especially lamentable effect this year; it is, at any rate, very difficult to make out whether the Report which has reached this office refers to the Boatrace or the 'Varsity Sports, or the Liverpool Grand National, or the International Football Match or the Amateur Boxing Championship. A determination to attend them all, without forgetting golf or billiards, is no doubt responsible for a catholicity of descriptive verbiage which does more credit to our representative's all-round sportsmanship than to his lucidity.

“Old Sol,” writes our impassioned friend, “was beaming in the zenith after a fashion which at once proved the truth

of the old adage that March comes in like a goose and goes out like a gander. The Liverpoolians and the Metropolitan contingent were in great force. Few ticks of the chronometer were cut to waste as the row of equine candidates faced the starter, and it was noted that the crack was carrying even more bloom than when last he was seen out, and despite a somewhat plain frontispiece looked all over a gentleman of blood-like quality. But all comments were hushed as the flag fell, and *Cushendun* was seen to be the first to break the line. The welkin rang with the shouts of “They're off!” as the first division topped the earlier obstacles, and the second-raters began to show their pretensions to belonging to the semi-dark fraternity.

A smart piece of pedipulation soon resulted in the clever Scotch forward eluding the Southern custodian, and deftly depositing the pilule between the uprights. But hardly had the sphere begun to roll once more, than a magnificent dribble on the left wing took it right across the carpet, and the champions of the Thistle were soon embarrassed by the numerous efforts made to enter their reticulated stronghold. Not to be denied, however, the hardy sons of the North soon gave the beholders a taste of their quality, and

after tapping the Aston Villa representative smartly on the knowledge-box, the “Heart of Midlothian” lad followed up his advantage with a rasper in the commissariat department that fairly doubled up the Saxon, and the bout finished with a considerable quantity of Badminton in full evidence from the damaged proboscis.

All this time the boys in the Dark Blue had been far from idle. Urging their canvas craft forward with alacrity, they proved themselves as slippery as their best backers could desire. But Mr. MUTTLEBURY'S darlings were far from done with. In the dingdong exchanges which ensued each in turn paid a hurried but involuntary visit to the boards, and there was very little fiddling about for an opening as the champions of the Isis faced their opponents in the rough water of Corney Reach. The dexter optic of the Cambridge representative was by this time assuming a decidedly swarthy hue, but encouraged by the parboiled aspect of his enemy's sinistral peeper, he soon gave evidence of making the effort of his life, and appeared to be so full of running that he must be classed among the dangerous contingent for the rest of his career.

Just at this moment Number Five began

to show signs of serious trouble in a bunker on the Surrey side, but extricating himself by the ingenious use of a niblick, he began tearing through the liquid element in a truly astonishing manner. But all hope had not been abandoned as they passed the Soapworks, for it was known that the leader had a tube in his throat, and in the certainty of its soon becoming a question of "bellows to mend" in all directions, the Light Blues made a terrific bid for victory before Barnes Bridge had been attained. Passing beneath that structure the timepieces showed 32 immersions to the minute, and many thought a double baulk must be the only issue. Caution then marked the further progress of the game, and after carefully nursing the ivories at the business end of the Green Board of Cloth, the Oxonian gently dropped the strawberry globe into the right-hand pouch, disappeared himself into a similar receptacle, and left the pallid one in capital position for continuing his break. When they neared the Pavilion for the second circuit of the cinders a hot exchange ensued, and several organs in each competitor were severely rattled up, but as they swung into the straight with only two more timbers to negotiate before severing the judicial worsted, it was seen that *Barac* and *Levanter* had both shot their bolt, and as soon as Mr. NUGENT asked the question *Drumcree* responded gamely, and hugging the rails all the way, managed to get hold of a very accelerated pass from the outside, which was soon converted into a smasher on the 'tater trap that did the business, for his game opponent was evidently dead to the world soon afterwards, and all was over bar the shouting. We hear the pencilers did badly; but the Oxonian Mentor was far from dissatisfied with the showing of his meritorious and well-trained octette. T. A. C.

ON DIT AT THE BAR STEEPLE-CHASES.

THAT one of the Lords Justices, wearing a plaid coat and broad sombrero, was standing by the winning-post, laying 6 to 4 on the field, to the manifest annoyance of a deeply respected Puisne Judge, who wanted the pitch for himself.

THAT a certain Chancery Judge, seeing that his horse must be beaten by that of an eminent K.C. practising in his own court, threatened to deprive the latter of his costs in a big action pending unless he allowed him, the learned Judge, to win.

THAT it is not the fact that any of the Puisne Judges were reported by the Starter for disobedience at the post.

THAT the "disgraceful episode" given publicity below is utterly devoid of foundation, i.e. that two of the Lords

Justices, jumping the last fence side by side, "arranged" who should win, in the following terms:—

First L. J. Will you stand in a tenner with me, Lord Justice?

Second L. J. Can't do it, Cockie, under three times that amount.

First L. J. Is a pony any good to you?

Second L. J. Right, sonny. Go on and win, or I shall have to pull this beggar's head off in order to stop him!

THAT the Lord Chief Justice was very anxious to run a motor car in the first race, but had to scratch it as he could not find a jockey.

THAT two of the riders—who were also stewards—called each other before themselves to explain their riding, and that each was severely reprimanded by the other.

And, finally, that the arrangements reflected the greatest credit upon the committee of the Pegasus Club.

'VARSIITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

XII.

ACROSS the quad so grey and hoar,

Among the summer flowers,
I see us sauntering once more
With linked arms; I hear you pour
Your brimming floods of classic lore
Amid the scented bowers.

The realm of truth was our demesne;

Impatiently we waited
To criticise the worthy Dean
On ARISTOTLE'S golden mean,
While PLATO, HEGEL, T. H. GREEN
We eagerly debated.

Of all things human and divine,

Life, death and the hereafter,
Art, poetry, or how to dine,
The pleasures of the rod and line,
Old friends, old books, old prints, old wine,

We talked with tears and laughter.

Ah, wasted hours! What's truth? Who cares

What Plato thought about her?

You, bent upon your stocks and shares,
Who dream by night of bulls and bears,
Contrive to manage your affairs,

Old friend, quite well without her;

Whilst I—what briefs would come to me,

My poverty to season,
With much desiderated fee
Did I not hold myself quite free
To make the worse appear to be
By far the better reason?

What use to us, since we came down,

The lore we learnt at college?—

Yet, ah! once more to see the crown

Of spires above the cloistered town!

Once more to be in cap and gown,

Acquiring useless knowledge!

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE!

[M. ROCHEFORT asserts that the British troops in S. Africa are ready to mutiny, in consequence of "the overbearing and insolent tone of the officers in giving their orders."]

SCENE—A battlefield of the future. *British Staff discovered, attempting at once to repulse an attack and to act up to M. Rochefort's ideals.*

General in Command (addressing Aide-de-camp). Sir, it is with the most profound humility that I venture—aware of my presumption in so doing—to direct your attention to the fact—if, without undue arrogance, a fact I may term it—that no inconsiderable force of the enemy appears to be menacing our left flank. Would it be trespassing quite too much upon your kindness were I to ask you to request the Major of the 250th Battery to discharge projectiles in the direction which, according to the best of my poor ability, I have endeavoured to indicate?

A.-de-C. Sir, the highest happiness attainable in this world is to translate your slightest wish into action. How much more willingly then, in such an emergency as the present—for I perceive that even within the moments occupied by this delightful conversation a few hundreds of our men have fallen—how much more.

* * * * *

Company Officer (to Firing-line). You will pardon me, my heroes, if I occupy your time with a few remarks which the exigencies of the moment seem to make inevitable. Already you have deigned to notice, and even to carry out, those poor suggestions which I have presumed to submit for your thoughtful consideration. Dare I then venture to ask you to lower the extremities of your rifles in such a degree as will render the chance of your bullets striking the foe a shade less remote than it is at present? (A pause—then, the old-fashioned "insolent tone" getting the better of the French polish—"Fire low, you dash-blank dashes, can't you?")

* * * * *

Officer (working Heliograph to distant Outpost. To himself). Seems to me those beggars mean to rush our men. I'd better warn them to retreat. (Signals.) "Loth as I necessarily am to criticise any operation which your unquestionable sagacity approves, the purely geographical superiority of my position enables me to realise more clearly than yourselves the possible proximity of danger." (Fine sentence that!) "Indeed, I may almost advise you to execute such a strategic movement as will ensure—" Why, hullo! Bless, me if the enemy hasn't captured the whole detachment before I had time to finish my message! Against all the usages of civilised warfare, I call it!